

The Critic

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Literature

Hurlbert on Republicanism in France*

MR. HURLBERT has notions of his own about book-titles. His last work was ingeniously named 'Ireland under Coercion,' with the 'sly-dog' purpose of enticing the sympathizers with Ireland's troubles to peruse a book which violently abused the Home-Rulers, and proclaimed that the only real coercion in that unfortunate country was that which is exercised by the Land League. That title was a trick. The name of his present work is a silliness. He solemnly explains that its title is designed to indicate the fact that France and the Republic are different things. The Republic is not French, and France, 'as he has found it,' is not Republican. According to this view, we have all been wrong in speaking last year of the Brazilian Empire and this year of the Brazilian Republic. We ought, before indulging in such reckless expressions, to have taken a *plébiscite* vote, and ascertained the real opinions of the Brazilian people in regard to their form of government.

The author's candor and logic may be fairly judged from these instances. His deficiency in reasoning power is really something phenomenal. As a curious, though by no means an extreme example, we may cite, for the reader's amusement, four consecutive sentences, the last of which directly contradicts the first. After giving the opinion of one of his conservative friends, that in the part of France in which he resides 'a considerable majority prefer some monarchical form—probably, on the whole, the Empire,'—Mr. Hurlbert maulders on in the following extraordinary fashion:—

They are not in the least likely to express this preference at the polls, because, in common with the vast majority of the electors throughout France, they have been born and brought up to take their form of government from Paris. So long as the government at Paris—be it royal, imperial, or republican—controls the executive, the people of the provinces are extremely unlikely to make an emphatic effort of their own to be rid of that government. If Louis Philippe, in 1848, would have allowed Marshal Bugeaud to use the force at his command in Paris, the Republic improvised in February of that year would have been strangled before birth, to the extreme satisfaction of an enormous majority of the French people. This was afterwards overwhelmingly shown by the election of Louis Napoleon, when General Cavaignac, with all the advantages of the control of the machinery of government at Paris, could secure only a relatively insignificant popular vote at the polls, against the representative of the imperial monarchy.

It is highly probable that if this whimsical case of self-contradiction were brought to the author's attention, he would be unable to discern the logical objection. He would be as much bewildered as a color-blind person to whom one might seek to point out a shocking contrast of hues in his garments.

Mr. Hurlbert is a detester of republicanism, and an ardent admirer of monarchy. He is also in profession, and doubtless to the best of his muddled consciousness, a patriotic American. The mode in which he reconciles his political

principles with his patriotism is curious and characteristic. America, he insists, is really a monarchy. His reasons for this assertion are as exquisite as any of Aguecheek's, and delightfully simple. In a real republic, the head of the government is elected by the people. In the United States he is not elected by the people, but by special electors, who are themselves elected by the people. Here are the author's very words:—'The President is a king with a veto, elected, not by the people directly, but by special electors, for four years, and re-eligible.' We had supposed that every sane man in America, who could read and write, understood that the electoral system is a mere form, and that the voter really casts his ballot for the President as purposely and as directly as though there were no Electoral College in existence. Mr. Hurlbert seems unable to see this; but whether his logic-blindness really goes to this extreme is a question which one would rather not undertake to solve.

This huge octavo volume of six hundred pages is one long indictment against the present French Government, whose members and founders are accused of every variety of political sins. The proof adduced is the spiteful tattle of Mr. Hurlbert's monarchical and imperialist friends, in whose company he spent nearly all his time during his recent visit to France. In that country, as every one knows, political partisanship is particularly hot. Hottest of all are the anti-republican partisans, for they are in opposition, and believe themselves divinely entitled to govern. Mr. Hurlbert shares heartily in this belief, listens with ardent sympathy to all their abuse of their opponents, and repeats it with a blunt grossness which they themselves would probably hesitate to display in print. Thiers, on this authority, 'was a little rascal, and the greatest literary liar of the century except Victor Hugo.' Gambetta was 'odious and flatulent.' Carnot, it is admitted, is 'more honest and less calculating—for he is certainly more dull—than his grandfather.' He would not pocket the spoons, but he is not clever enough to know whether those around him are doing it or not. This is the style of the average conservative gossip in France, which Mr. Hurlbert accepts and repeats as gospel.

There is, however, to be gathered, amid the trivial or lumbering wordiness of this absurd book, some really valuable information, though not at all of the kind which the author intended to convey. He constantly assures us that all that is religious and respectable in France is opposed to the Republic. But he happens to visit St. Omer, a city of about twenty thousand inhabitants, and known for its religious and scholastic associations. He describes it as a really model town. It is, he was told, 'full of families living on their incomes'; and in going about the streets, he 'was struck with the general air of quiet and unobtrusive well-being which marks the people.' Of their moral and intellectual characteristics he received the best possible report. And he concludes his description of this typical French community, of the most respectable class, by incidentally mentioning that 'politically St. Omer seems to be strongly Republican.' At the election of 1886, we are told, it gave a large majority to the candidate of that party.

With a like inconsequence, while assuring us that the radical and irreligious school-system of the Republic is ruinous to the character of the people, he informs us that in visiting the various garrison towns he was struck with the remarkable improvement of the French army in intelligence and morality. 'The old type of swashbuckling, absinthe-tipping, rakehell French officer, of whom during the last years of the Empire, one saw and heard so much, seems to have passed away into history and literature.' 'The morale and carriage of the soldiers, too,' he adds, 'are distinctly higher.' But every one knows that, under the conscription system, the French army is mainly composed of young men. It is eighteen years since the Empire was overthrown. The officers and soldiers of the present time have nearly all been trained in Republican schools; and Mr. Hurlbert now tells us the result.

* *France and the Republic.* By William Henry Hurlbert. \$5. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

As to the country people, his account is no less satisfactory. He visits 'the ancient province of Picardy,' and remarks:—'You cannot traverse it in any direction without being struck with the evident prosperity of the people. Arthur Young, a hundred years ago, travelling from Boulogne to Amiens, found only "misery and miserable harvests." He would find now only comfort and excellent crops.' Such have been the results of that series of anti-monarchical revolutions which Mr. Hurlbert never ceases to decry and to deplore. As he has a liking for expressive titles, he might fairly claim for himself that of the 'Modern Balaam,' who went to France expressly to curse the Republic, and found himself compelled, much against his will, to bless it.

"Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens"*

IT IS EASIER to find fault with Mrs. Harrison's work in 'Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens' than to do it justice. Her plan is a thoroughly German one, and reminds us of those hideous old editions of the classics on each page of which a little islet of text is surrounded by a sea of notes and comments. Not that she disfigures her pages in that way; but the proportion of text to commentary is even less, and her arrangement of the matter confuses the reader and arouses his ire in an even greater degree. The text in this case is Pausanias's rambling and unsatisfactory account of his visit to Athens, translated by Margaret de G. Verrall; the commentary is made up of descriptions of existing ruins, archaeological speculations about undetermined sites, and attempts to explain the myths connected with these places and monuments. Mrs. Harrison, in her preface, puts this last purpose first. She says her object has been, 'first and foremost, to elucidate the mythology of Athens, and with this intent I have examined its monuments, taking Pausanias as a guide.' But he who looks for a lucid presentation of the body of myths which were more or less peculiar to Athens will be disappointed. What the joint authors have actually produced is an archaeological and mythological guide-book, much superior to, but not essentially different from, the corresponding sections of Baedeker, or Murray, or the Guides Joanne.

Mrs. Harrison's mythological views are, in general, those with which Mr. Lang has acquainted English readers. She believes that, in many if not in most instances, the myth was invented to account for some remnant of savage or barbaric ritual. She has not Mr. Lang's wide acquaintance with the whole field of study open to supporters of this theory—an acquaintance which still, as he admits, does not enable him to draw general conclusions. The clue through the 'Tanglewood' of Greek mythology is not furnished by either of them. But Mrs. Harrison's introductory essay, on the 'Mythology of Athenian Local Cults,' will be found useful, and her treatment of particular myths and ceremonies—such as the Theseus legend and the Thesmophoria—is, at times, quite full and perspicuous. The passages which relate the results of Dr. Dörpfeld's researches are, however, those which will be most eagerly turned to. The accounts here given of them are the best yet published, and they are authoritative. The principal are his tracing the course of the Eridanus through the city, and his discovery of the ancient orchestra of the theatre of Dionysos. Novel views, more or less supported by argument, are put forward regarding the extent and the boundaries of the agora, the position of the precinct of Dionysos en Limnais (placed by Dörpfeld not far from the Dipylon gate, though by Haigh supposed to be the same as that including the great theatre), and on many minor points. In spite of what we must consider its unfortunate plan, the book is one which no one interested in Athenian life and literature can afford to be without.

* *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens.* Tr. from Pausanias by M. de G. Verrall. Ed. by Jane E. Harrison. \$4.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The volume is abundantly illustrated, in considerable part from photographs and drawings not before published. Owing to the imperfections of the half-tone process, and also, it must be said, of the printing, many of these illustrations are very defective in detail. There are several maps, the most permanently valuable of which is the folding colored one of the Acropolis, after the excavations finished last year. This gives in different colors the Pelasgian remains, the pre- and post-Periclean, the Periclean, and the museums and other modern structures.

The Centenary of King's College *

PROF. HENRY YOULE-HIND, the well-known Canadian scientist, put aside his usual investigations a few months ago to prepare a monograph of King's College. Books of this kind are as a rule elaborate catalogues, but the present work is far more than a mere dry chronicle of the oldest English university in Canada, the most aristocratic, and, by reason of the stories clustering about it, its old-world tradition, discipline and observances, and its picturesque surroundings, the most interesting.

With the story of this College we get terse and vivid sketches of such important historical events as the American Revolution, the flight of the Loyalist Refugees, the settlement of the Loyalists in Canada, and all other noted happenings contemporaneous with the history of the college. King George III. had much of his heart in this new institution over-seas, and to this day the college ritual embalms his name in the prayers. The head of King's is the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom are submitted all laws and ordinances, this condition being provided in the charter. Private endowment is the chief source of income, and we are informed by Prof. Hind that, as early as 1846, Mr. Gladstone was much interested in Nova Scotia's high seat of learning.

But even without such a valuable record as that which this distinguished author gives us, tidings of King's would be interesting to readers of *THE CRITIC*; for the College stands close by the beautiful and fertile region known in Nova Scotia as *Evangeline's Land*. Almost within a stone's throw of the college buildings is the smooth, shining water of the Avon, shrunken at tide-ebb, but 'brimming and bright and large' every twelve hours when the tide comes running in from the Bay of Fundy. When the tide is out the smallest fishing smacks loll upon their sides on the brown, soft bed of the river, but at high water the tall masts of great ships rise straight above the orchards and through the dark green stretches of wild meadow. Longfellow was never on the spot, but the writer of this review finds his description as true as if done at sight by the most faithful pencil. A short way off is the picturesque cottage of 'Sam Slick,' and a little further still are the mounds and foundations of the old village of Grand Pré, bountiful of grasses, grain and fruit, and made cool by colonies of elms, maples, birches, firs, pines and rowans. Crowned with sky-blue haze rises Blomidon as in days of yore, and hitherward into the bay stretches the long, low sand-spit from which the Acadians embarked. It marks the confines of the bight wherein rode for a brief time the exiling ships, while with streaming eyes the hunted colony looked upon their burning homes.

Here at King's, too, is the chair of Prof. Roberts, the Canadian poet; and here study the other members of that gifted family. We may easily gather from the pages of this interesting volume what grounds King's has to look for a brilliant future; and that the second century of her life opens full of promise. For this is a college of 'young' men—men with sound and wholesome Canadian sentiment—Roberts rolling up his sleeves in the work, and Dr. Willets, a bright light of Cambridge, and President of the College, pouring out his enthusiasm to the same end.

* *The University of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia: 1790-1890.* By Henry Youle-Hind. New York: Church Review Co.

"The House of the Wolf"*

'THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF' takes but a very small place in Stanley J. Weyman's novel of that name, but the Wolf, himself, is its most fascinating, interesting and mysterious personage. This Raoul de Mar, Vidame de Beziers, is a terrible bully of the Huguenot wars, ready for any deviltry by which he can push his own fortunes. He has set his heart on winning that of Mlle. de Caylus, and, failing, vows to send her that of Louis de Pavannes, a young Protestant whom she prefers. It is near the eve of St. Bartholomew when he makes his threat. Pavannes is in Paris. The Vidame, with his band of bravos, sets out for the city. Mlle. de Caylus's three young cousins, Anne, Marie and Croisette, make after him to warn his intended victim. They are decoyed into the Wolf's house, where they are imprisoned in an upper room. They escape and cross the street on a convenient beam, to be pulled through the bars of a window-grating by the wife of another Louis de Pavannes, who is also imprisoned, for her own good, by the owner of the house. Here the Vidame searches for them; but they hide in Madame's bed. Perhaps we had better say, before going farther, that the three young knight's-errant are boys, though called, as is often the case in France, by girls' names. The discovery of a Louis de Pavannes who is married upsets, of course, all their calculations; and before they find out that it is not their cousin's lover, but a cousin of his, the fatal pistol-shot is fired from the Louvre, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew has begun. The scenes in the streets in the early morning hours are most picturesquely described. The boys find the object of their quest, but only when Beziers has rescued him from the mob and holds both him and them prisoners. For his share in the night's work, the Wolf has been appointed Governor of Cahors, and he takes his prisoners there, where he may do as he pleases with them. His pleasure, however, at the last is to spare their lives and to keep his vow to Mlle. de Caylus by sending her her lover's heart safe in his body. The book is crammed with incident, but the main interest is never lost sight of. It is full of vivid pictures of men and manners, drawn with a few strokes and succeeding one another rapidly. As a stirring historical novel it may rank with the best recent works of its class—with 'Passe Rose,' 'The Splendid Spur,' and 'Micah Clarke.'

A Trio of Choice Books of Poetry †

TO HAVE the 'Selected Poems of Matthew Prior' (1) edited with an introduction and notes by Mr. Austin Dobson, is to have the very best edition of that seventeenth century Dobson's poems. We are accustomed to see Mr. Dobson called a 'nineteenth century Prior,' and when we read Thackeray's words of praise for Prior's verses, we are willing to acknowledge the propriety in the association of the two poets' names. To Thackeray, Prior's verses seem 'amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English poems. Horace is always in his mind, and his song and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy easy turns and melody, his loves, and his Epicureanism, bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master.' All of which applies to the delightful poems of the editor of this choice little volume. Mr. Dobson's essay on Prior, which appeared some time ago in *The New Princeton Review*, serves as the introduction to this volume; and we can imagine what pleasure the writing of it must have given him. His own appreciation of the poet's work is shown in the closing paragraph, where he says:—'As it is, he has left behind him a few pieces which have never yet been equalled for grace, ease, good-humor, and spontaneity, and which are certain of immortality so long as there is any saving virtue

* The House of the Wolf. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.25. New York: Longman, Green & Co.

† 1. Selected Poems of Matthew Prior. Ed. by Austin Dobson. \$2. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 2. Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, from Romances and Prose-Tracts of the Elizabethan Age: With Chosen Poems of Nicholas Breton. Ed. by A. H. Bullen. 10s. ed. London: John C. Nimmo. 3. Lyrical Ballads. 1798. Ed. by Edward Dowden. London: David Nutt.

in "fame's great antiseptic—Style." The poems are carefully and generously annotated throughout, and a number of more extended notes are given at the end of the volume. An admirable etched portrait of Prior furnishes a fitting frontispiece.

Lovers of poetry are again indebted to Mr. A. H. Bullen for a volume of Elizabethan lyrics (2). This time the editor gives us the result of his gleanings from the romances, together with the choicest poems of Nicholas Breton, and selected lyrics from Clement Robinson's 'Handful of Pleasant Delights,' and from 'The Phoenix' Nest.' The first part of the collection is made up mainly from the works of Greene and Lodge. The editor in his introduction confesses to have been disappointed in the general quality of the poetry which he found scattered through the old prose romances, much of which, he says, 'is of indifferent value and falls far below the standard of excellence that I have tried to preserve in my other anthologies.' It is for this reason that he has included the selections from Breton and Robinson. The volume is uniform with its predecessors and the edition is a limited one. Mr. Bullen is to be congratulated upon this excellent series of anthologies, in the editing of which he has shown such great care and painstaking, and such a high degree of literary taste and judgment. He promises us one more and says he then shall have done. The new volume will be Davison's 'Poetical Rhapsody.'

Prof. Dowden's edition of the famous 'Lyrical Ballads' (3), written by Coleridge and Wordsworth in 1797-98, is printed in old-faced type closely resembling that of the original. It is a beautiful piece of bookmaking, from the Chiswick Press, and is published by David Nutt of London. Prof. Dowden's contributions are the preface and a valuable appendix of notes relating to the poems, telling when and under what circumstances they were written. As the editor remarks: 'A volume which opens with "The Ancient Mariner" and closes with the "Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey" may well be considered one of the most remarkable in the whole range of English poetry.' A copy of the original first edition of this work was recently priced by Quaritch at 5/- 5s.

"Tennis, Lawn-Tennis, Rackets and Fives."*

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY of Sports and Pastimes has been augmented by the publication of a volume on 'Tennis, Lawn-Tennis, Rackets and Fives.' The two last mentioned games are little known in America. Rackets is a plebeian game. The first mention of it in respectable literature is said to be in Dickens's description in 'Pickwick.' It is now in favor with English amateurs, however, especially in the Army and in public schools. Fives is almost exclusively a game for boys, and may be said to have its home at Eton. Fives is played with the hand-ball against a rear and side wall, and is in fact an ordinary game of ball but little modified. The Eton rules are said to have grown out of the use of the chapel wall and buttresses for courts. Tennis, as being apparently the oldest of ball games, is given first place. Mr. J. M. Heathcote traces it back to Atys, King of Lydia and the fair Nausicaa; and Mr. Lucien Davis, who supplies some very clever illustrations (would they be the only ones of their kind in the book!), shows in the head-piece to Chap. I. how the game was played by the Greek maidens on the seashore. It is supposed to be the game which Maecenas played at Capua, while Virgil and Horace took their after-dinner nap. Some paintings at Beni-Hassan are understood to illustrate an Egyptian variety of tennis; and a piece of Gothic ornament from a fourteenth century manuscript shows the manner of the game in the middle ages. In France, from the thirteenth century it partook of its modern character. We have illustrations of Hampton Court as finished by Henry VIII., and of the two tennis-courts at Fontainebleau in 1614. We have also several

* Tennis, Lawn-Tennis, Rackets and Fives. By J. M. Heathcote and others. \$3.50. (Badminton Library.) Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

views of modern courts, both roofed in and open to the weather. Several celebrated tennis players are shown in action by means of reproductions of instantaneous photographs. The Hon. A. Lyttelton has some reflections on the relation of tennis to other games, and gives useful hints to beginners on the manner of holding the racket for fore-hand and back-hand strokes, and other practical points. Lawn-tennis is written of by Mr. C. G. Heathcote with the aid of several specialists on rules of the double-handed game, on hard courts and covered courts, on ladies' lawn-tennis, and on lawn-tennis in America, the last topic being treated of by Mr. R. D. Sears. An appendix gives further practical information, and there is an excellent index.

"The Story of Russia"*

PROF. MORFILL, reader in the Russian and Slavonic languages at Oxford, has given us, in 'The Story of Russia,' one of the liveliest and brightest volumes of this bright and lively series. To condense 'Russia' into so small a compass, and to condense it acceptably, was no light or ignoble task; and to describe its evolution from the Grand Duchy of Muscovy in the fifteenth century to the present mighty Empire of 100,000,000 inhabitants,—and describe it in a duodecimo of 400 pages, interspersed with a multitude of maps and illustrations,—was difficult indeed. But all this Prof. Morfill, accustomed to the work of condensation in his labors connected with Serbian and Slavonic philology, has accomplished with success,—'browned to a T,' as the gastronomers say. His 'story' is not a rehash of other people's 'stories' of Russia,—Rambaud's, Mackenzie's, Soloviev's or Riumin's: he has diligently searched for himself, not only in Karamzin and Kostomarov, but in Nestor and the early Russian chroniclers, in the romantic travels of Baron Herberstein, the records of English travellers who roamed about Russia in the reign of Ivan the Terrible (Hakluyt Society), and in the various writings and diaries of Giles Fletcher, Sir Jerome Horsey, Jean Margaret, the Swede Petreius, and the Dutchman Massa. These and many other quaint early books on Russia, such as those of Olearius, Dr. Collins, Struys, and Golitsin, he has studied and embodied in his text, which is brightened by many a gleam of legend translated from the Russian *bilini*, or collections of folk-tales. Later Russian history is abundantly accessible in volumes devoted to Peter the Great, the 'Bibliothèque Russe-Polonaise,' the numerous (and erratic) Empresses, and the memories of Masson.

From this virgin soil of books unknown or books unread,—from travel, residence in the Empire, and long literary association with it,—Prof. Morfill has gathered a delightful narrative, full of movement and dramatic surprise; for Russian history, with all its throng of monarchs and cold-blooded Empresses, assassinations and invasions, Asiatic luxury and Tatar insolence,—is nothing if not dramatic. Interwoven with this are historical *résumés*, chapters of statistics and description, discussions of Russian literature and Russian social customs, full explanations of the political and religious organization of Russia, and interesting geographical data. Few people know that Russia contains 8,500,000 square miles and a history already four hundred years old. It is through this enormous area that Europe shades off, on the north-east, imperceptibly into Asia, and that Teuton gradually becomes Tatar.

Mr. Morfill, we see, stoutly maintains the Cæsarean etymology of 'Tsar,' though he rather impolitely designates a differing etymology as 'nonsense.' His method of printing Russian names is consistent, though he adds one more to the tangle of spellings that cluster nebulae-like round the name of Tourguenoff. Mr. Kennan's labors are known to him, and Mr. Eugene Schuyler's; but Miss Hapgood's admirable work appears to have been overlooked.

* *The Story of Russia.* By W. R. Morfill. \$1.50. (Story of the Nations.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Idle Musings"*

MR. GRAY, in his 'Idle Musings,' gives us a series of studies of character, revealing in the author not only a keen insight into the workings of the human heart in the everyday relations of life, but an extensive acquaintance with the heroes and happenings of contemporaneous fiction, set forth with a skill and grace that wins the reader at the start. With a light but firm brush he depicts 'The Commanding Woman,' 'The Female Man,' 'The True Gentleman,' 'The Fussy Hostess,' 'The Man in Love,' 'The Man with a Grievance,' and many another as familiar in our sight. That, in American eyes, is a natural state of things revealed by the story about the scion of a noble house, at Eton, who, found by his schoolfellows walking alone, informed them that 'I am Earl So-and-so, and my father is Marquis So-and-so, and I wish to be left alone.' 'Here's a go!' cried the boys. 'We haven't had a kick at an earl in a long time, have we, boys? Let's have one, now!' And forthwith they fell upon the peer-presumptive and kicked him, each in turn! Not so easily understood is the author's illustration of the 'stare inquisitive' by an experience of his own in the hall of a certain university, when a professor who knew him very well pretended not to know him. 'There was an earl there, and the possibility of a duke's presence soon, and, of course, the writer was only a scribbler from London. That professor's stare is something to remember, the more that he was a very handsome man—one of the most beautiful men I have ever seen, with all his soul in his face, of perfect form and eyes of dove-like sweetness!' In the essay on 'Falling in Love' is included the droll anecdote of the Scotch minister, 'who, when he had been engaged to a girl for some years, said timidly, one day, "D'ye think, lassie, we might tak' a kiss?"' The damsel looked as if she thought they might. The minister folded his hands, asked a blessing, took the kiss, and gave thanks. Very soon, he whispered: 'Eh, lassie, but its verra guid. D'ye think we might tak' another.' Another Scotch story is quoted from Mrs. King's life of the Rev. Dr. James King, whose beadle, James Dawson of Greyfriars, Glasgow, was a character famed for his dry sayings. 'On one occasion, when an expect'd minister was long in coming, Dr. King was pacing anxiously to and fro in the vestry, and frequently going to the door to look out. James quietly looked up and suggested with kind consideration: "If a bit aith [oath] would ease you, sir, dinna mind me!"' Mrs. King adds: 'Those who knew Dr. King's unfailing dignity of speech and manner, will appreciate the humor of James's remark.'

Recent Fiction

THERE ARE MOMENTS when one's appetite for stories shuns the commonplace fare of plots clearly understood and accurately limned; when one longs to lift up a veil and go behind it into some mystic region where incense burns, and eerie flutterings are heard from wings unseen. Such fancies may be met and richly indulged in the 'Day and Night Stories' of Mr. T. R. Sullivan, some of which are familiar to the readers of *Scribner's Magazine*. Couch'd in admirable English, these tales suggest the leisurely indulgence in polished literature of one who has wandered afar, till his imagination has been colored by legends, pictures, buildings, places, as wine tints the cork that holds it imprisoned. Most rounded of all of them, perhaps, is 'The Lost Rembrant'; most exciting, the one entitled 'Cordon'; and most interesting to the quill-driver who loves his art, the sketch called 'The Tincture of Success,' which affects one in something of the weird fashion of Balzac's 'Peau de Chagrin.' (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

'LADY BABY,' by Dorothea Gerard, is a clever and entertaining novel dealing with the oppressive treatment by the scarce mature heroine of the hearts of her hereditary enemy, Sir Peter Wyndhurst, and of a thoroughly *blasé* man of the world, Mr. Carbury. The scene is on the Scotch borders, where Lord Kippendale, Lady Baby's father, has a fine estate, maintained from the revenues of an English copper-mine. The mine is drowned by the sea in consequence of reckless blasting, and, the family being reduced to

* *Idle Musings: Essays in Social Mosaic.* By E. Condor Gray. London: William Heinemann.

comparative poverty, Lady Baby breaks off her engagement with Sir Peter, unwittingly encourages Mr. Carbury, and innocently plunges her unhappy family into embarrassments of all sorts. The *Deus ex machina* who delivers them is a Miss Maud Epperton, a female fortune-hunter of a new type, who, having fairly netted Sir Peter, instead of marrying him brings about a reconciliation, and whose interest in Lady Baby's brother leads her to the discovery of a new copper-mine on the Kippendale property. She finally spoils what Sir Peter calls 'her artistic possibilities' by marrying a retired tallow merchant. (45 cts. Harper & Bros.)

IT IS A painful fact that one lives to outgrow one's love of Lamartine,—to reread his once entralling romances with an accompanying consciousness that there is a good deal of printed matter in the book,—to pooh-pooh his moon-struck heroes, wandering about Europe in the wake of other men's wives, sighing by night under the vault of heaven, and by day filling page after page of a journal with melodious lamentations about the cruelty of Fate, and finally lying down to die in solitude, lamented only by village folk ignorant of their sad heart histories! 'Raphael,' however, whose memoirs, newly translated from the French and presented in attractive shape by the American publishers, are told in the linked sweetness of Lamartine's beautiful prose, will hold his own as a classic of the great revival of romantic literature that made memorable the early days of this century in France. (\$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

'THE MISTRESS OF BEACH-KNOLL' is a charming young widow, who obligingly chaperons Miss Phillis Flower, the true heroine of the novel. The opening chapters, in which we first make the acquaintance of Miss Phillis and her village friends, are not in the author's (Miss Clara Louise Burnham's) best vein. But when Phillis is once introduced to the great world of lawn-tennis and round dances, late hours and stylish dresses, she becomes altogether a delightful creature. She meets her fate in the person of Mr. Tony Bellows, a butterfly of Boston fashion, whose ganglia are in the right places. 'The Mistress of Beach Knoll' may be commended to young girls, with the assurance that they ought to like it, and will. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—IN 'A WAIF OF THE PLAINS,' Bret Harte recounts the fortunes of a youthful Californian, who is lost from his caravan on the great plains, is picked up by another party of emigrants, turned loose in San Francisco, and guided by luck to a mining-camp in Deadman's Gulch, where he strikes up a romantic friendship with a certain handsome but terrible Tom Flynn, who turns out to be the boy's father. Mr. Harte's acquaintance with every phase of early California life, and his felicity in describing youthful fancies and emotions are so very well known, that it is unnecessary to do more than say that they are once more exhibited in this little volume, which, with its blue cloth cover and polished yellow edges, is just the book for a boy to take in his pocket on a walking-trip, or camping-out. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Minor Notices

RABBI LOUIS GROSSMAN publishes a paper on 'Maimonides' (read before the Philosophical Society of the University of Michigan), at the same time begging indulgence for his 'amateur' treatment of the theme, on the score of limited training on speculative subjects. But his work is a labor of love, and in the short space at his command he is able to give some of the leading features of the thought of the great mediaeval philosopher who has been termed 'the Aristotle of Judaism.' Breaking free from the Arabic cosmology of the times, and from the literal as well as the Kabbalistic interpretation of the Bible, Maimonides based his system upon the four categories of Aristotle—matter, form, efficient cause and final cause. God is Essence and Form of the world; final as well as efficient cause; not only the occasion that brought the world into being, but also the purpose of its being. Without His direction, the world could not be continuous; therefore the connection is a vital and immediate one; and equally close is the relation between man and nature and between God and man. 'It is possible,' he says, 'for man alone to grow in strength of mental vision, so that he can come into communion with the absolute. But the will of man is free. According to a dictate from within, man chooses the way he will go. . . . The freedom of the human will is itself a determination on the part of God when he created man, just as is the natural law according to which, for instance, light gaseous bodies rise, and heavy-stuff particles sink.' The subject is a fascinating one, and Rabbi Grossmann's little book has the merit of making one wish there were more of it. One only regrets that the learned Rabbi can never refrain from patting himself on the back, and complacently laying claim for the world's best thought always in Judaism. (25 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

PROF. CARL ABEL of Leipzig, well known for his laborious efforts to rehabilitate the ancient and, as was generally supposed, exploded theory of a connection between the Indo-European and Hamito-Semitic languages, has furnished a rather remarkable essay on that subject to the series of 'Contributions to General and Comparative Philology,' now in course of publication by Wm. Friedrich, Leipzig. The essay has for its title 'Egyptian and Indo-European Linguistic Relationship' ('Ägyptisch-Indoeuropäische sprachverwandtschaft'), and is intended to afford evidence of this kinship. The evidence is of a singular character. It consists mainly of an attempt to trace a single Egyptian root, the adjective *ker* ('crooked' or 'bent'), and its derivatives, through the various Indo-European languages, from the Sanskrit to the Keltic, and to show how they all possess a variety of words more or less similar in form to these Egyptian vocables. These allied meanings comprise a wide compass, including angle, circle, wheel, revolution, orb, knee, elbow, shoulder, inclosure, chain, loop, noose, cavity, keel, and so on in almost endless succession. The first idea which will naturally occur to any student is that by this sort of proof, the connection of any two or more languages might be readily established. With good dictionaries and reasonable ingenuity, the affinity of the English to the Ashantees or the Fuegian might in this way be demonstrated. The true methods by which the kinship of languages is to be ascertained are held by philologists in general to be well settled; and this which Prof. Abel has followed, in his very learned and ingenious but unsatisfactory essay, is not among them.

'A PRIMER OF DARWINISM,' by J. Y. Bergen, Jr., and Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen, is a new and enlarged edition of a little book which was first published, and well received, under the title of 'The Development Theory.' The authors believe that 'the incorporation of the term Darwinian in the name of the book will best indicate to the class of readers whom it is designed to reach the nature of its subject-matter.' In this belief they are doubtless correct. There are many theories of development, but it cannot be said that the scheme as set forth by Darwin has been superseded or materially modified by later investigations. The authors have had the advantage of suggestions and other assistance from several well-known authorities, two of whom, Mr. Walter Faxon of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, and Prof. Claypole of Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, have read and critically revised the whole book. Its correctness as a summary of the Darwinian doctrine cannot, therefore, be questioned. Its clear and easy style is that to which the readers of Mrs. Bergen's magazine articles on natural history are pleasantly accustomed. (\$1.25. Lee & Shepard.)—AS A COMPANION to the 'Primer' may be recommended a slender volume (forming part of a new series entitled 'Science in Plain Language'), by William Durham, Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on 'Evolution, Antiquity of Man, Bacteria, etc.' This is a collection of articles which originally appeared in *The Scotsman*, and were designed 'to give the general results of scientific investigation in plain everyday language.' This design has been well carried out in the present volume, which contains chapters on various topics besides those expressed in the title, including 'ancient lake-dwellings,' the colors of flowers and animals, carnivorous plants, and other interesting subjects of recent research. (50 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

IN HIS LATEST brochure, 'Mary Stuart, Bothwell, and the Casket Letters,' Gen. J. Waits de Peyster has added another to the many valuable historical studies which we owe to his indefatigable pen. It is a subject on which he has written much during the last decade; and he now finds in the recent work of T. F. Henderson, entitled 'The Casket Letters and Mary Queen of Scots,' decisive evidence in favor of the views which he has heretofore maintained of Mary's guilt and evil disposition, and of Bothwell's innocence and good intentions. The author has brought together a number of portraits and other illustrations, which add much attraction to his essay. There are no less than six portraits of Mary, three of them in full-length; and we are made aware of the fact, which will surprise many readers, that she was a very tall woman—taller even than her husband Darnley, who was known as the 'long laddie,' standing over six feet. Mary, we are further told, was 'of a rough rather than a refined texture, capable of supporting fatigue and privation, and competent to thrive on rough fare, hard treatment, and strenuous exertion.' This is likely to prove disillusioning to those who have derived their notions of the Queen from Scott's charming picture in 'The Abbot.' Two other notable historical characters who figure in that novel—the Regent Murray and the Earl of Morton—also appear here in their portraits, whose lineaments strikingly confirm the descriptions of that delightful romance. The admirers of Scott should procure Gen. de Peyster's pamphlet as a curiously illustrative commentary. The two works will also

afford an instructive study in literature. In the novel, its readers may remark how a lucid and graceful style can make the commonest details agreeable; while the commentary will show how some of the most interesting parts of history can be made distressingly hard reading by one of the most confused and perplexing narrative styles with which an educated and intelligent writer was ever afflicted. (New York: Charles H. Ludwig.)

THE PROGRAM of the fifth annual convention of the Western Association of Writers follows hard upon 'W. A. W.: A Souvenir of the Third Annual Convention at Warsaw, Ind.' The latter is a bound volume, edited by L. May Wheeler and Mary E. Cardwill, and illustrated with portraits of Major Jonathan W. Gordon, Coates Kinney, John Clark Ridpath, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and other eminent members of this Occidental guild of authors, together with views of some of the spots at 'Warsaw of Kosciusko' endeared to them by the experiences of last July. From its pages we learn that the late Mrs. Ella M. Nave, 'by her rising popularity as a humoristic writer,' gave promise of a similar precedence 'with that now occupied by Bill Nye among his brethren.' Also, that 'the crowded steamers and plying rowboats were the strongest proofs of a lively appreciation of the Neptunic privileges extended by the Park and Summer Resort Associations.' The volume of 244 pages is well printed and substantially bound. (Richmond, Ind.: Printed by M. Cullaton & Co.)

'THE TWO KINDS OF TRUTH,' by 'T. E. S. T.,' attempts to treat, in popular style, the old and ever new questions of creation, instinct and immortality. The author—an Englishman—considers his idea that there are natural and universal truths a test of all theories, and argues that evolution, for example, is of the former, not of the latter kind. These two kinds of truth, he considers, are incommensurable, and in any complex theory the natural can be separated from the universal, with as much precision as an essayer can separate from the same alloy silver and gold. In man, instinct and mind are combined, but can easily be discriminated: the one being a natural, the other universal truth, there is no relationship between them. While the author believes in the truth of evolution, he denies utterly the general evolutionist assertion that mind is derived from instinct, or that instinct contains some germs of mind, or that the brute can become man. In thirty-seven pleasant and readable chapters, replete with illustrations drawn from a very wide course of reading, he argues the point, applying his reasoning to almost every field of literature, science, and learning. The book is suggestive, rather than profound, but certainly makes an attractive presentation of its thesis. There is a good index and references to the numerous quotations are also given in foot-notes. (\$3. Scribner & Welford.)

'MIDNIGHT TALKS AT THE CLUB,' by Amos K. Fiske, is mainly a discussion of religious questions. Certain members of the Asphodel Club were in the habit of meeting every Saturday night in a small room at the club-house and holding discussions on such topics as presented themselves. The principal speaker, who is obviously intended as the representative of Mr. Fiske himself, is known as the 'Judge,' and in all the conversations he plays the leading part. Then there is a 'Colonel,' somewhat rough and inclined to scoffing; a young and unreflecting Christian whose mind is opened by the 'Judge's' talk; and, last of all, the author of the book, who is always a silent listener. The views which the book is designed to set forth are those of many enlightened minds of the present day, who find themselves unable to accept the traditional religion, with its attendant train of miracle and myth, but who nevertheless believe that religion is indispensable to man, and that a reformed Christianity will furnish the religious basis that the world now requires. The Judge remarks:—'I regard a restoration of the restraint and elevating influence of Christianity over society as necessary to the uplifting of mankind from their low condition, the salvation of free institutions and the system of popular government; and I regard as necessary to that restoration a casting out of inherited superstitions and the acceptance of the rule of reason, the adoption of every valid conclusion of science and rational criticism, the readjustment of the Church to the lines of modern progress in knowledge and thought.' In short, he wants a Christianity free from miracles and from all those traditional views which he deems superstitious. His expressions, however, like those of most 'liberal Christians,' are mainly negative, and the book conveys little information as to what the author's positive views on religion really are. To many persons, nevertheless, it will be useful reading, and though it has already been published as a series of articles in the *New York Times*, it was worth republishing in more permanent form. (\$1. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

THE LATEST ISSUE in Blackwood's Series of Philosophical Classics is by Prof. Alexander Campbell Fraser, and deals with 'Locke.' The author has made a careful study of his subject, and the volume is one of the best of the series. Considerable space is devoted to an account of Locke's life, in order to trace, if possible, the growth of his mind and the development of his philosophy; but the materials are so scanty that the object could be only partially attained. We get a sufficient view of Locke's outward life and his political activity, but of his intellectual history we can learn but little. Prof. Fraser's work lays special stress upon his efforts in favor of religious toleration. His views on government and on education also receive due attention; while to the exposition and criticism of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' four chapters are devoted. Prof. Fraser is eminently fair in expounding this work, and gives the best analysis of it we remember to have seen. He does not share the extravagant admiration of Locke that some have expressed, while on the other hand he is entirely free from that spirit of depreciation and partisanship which the members of the German school show whenever they treat of the 'Essay.' He recognizes the great importance of the work in its having placed in the forefront of philosophy the question of the origin, certainty and extent of human knowledge; but he regards Locke's solution of the problem as unsatisfactory. The defect in Locke's philosophy lies in its inadequate conception of the intuitions of reason, and of their importance as elements in human knowledge. On this point, as on most others, Prof. Fraser's remarks are excellent, and we know of no better guide to the study of the old English philosopher than this book. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED a number of pamphlets by Prof. Alexander Winchell of the University of Michigan. One of them, on the 'Speculative Consequences of Evolution,' is mainly designed to show that there is nothing in the doctrine of evolution that is inconsistent with the belief in an overruling Intelligence, but that the assumption of such an Intelligence is necessary to account for evolution itself. The argument is not, perhaps, so strong as might be desired, yet it has many good points. Prof. Winchell, we notice, like many other scientists at the present time, holds that the explanation of organic development given by Darwin is insufficient, and that some agency in the organism itself has more influence on such development than the environment has. The essay on 'Geology and the Bible' is an attempt to show that the Mosaic account of the process of creation is at bottom strictly in harmony with the geological account. This mode of arguing was quite common a few years ago, but has never led to satisfactory results. The 'Views on Pre-nebular Conditions' which Prof. Winchell presents resemble too much the products of imagination to be satisfactory to the purely scientific mind, the subject being one of which we really know nothing, and speculations about which are of little value. Besides the pamphlets already mentioned, our collection includes an abstract of a paper on 'The Geological Position of the Ogishke Conglomerate' and a longer work on 'Some Results of Archean Studies,' being an account of the author's studies of the older rocks of the Northwest. (Ann Arbor, Mich.)

DR. FRANCIS WARNER of London has published 'A Course of Lectures on the Growth and Means of Training the Mental Faculty,' originally delivered at the University of Cambridge. His views are thoroughly materialistic, and he excludes, as far as possible, all reference to the facts of consciousness, and endeavors to study the mind in its physical manifestations only. The result, of course, is a complete failure, and as an account of the growth of mental faculty the book is worthless. In some other respects, however, it is meritorious. Dr. Warner has given considerable attention to the study of mental and physical defects, and to pathological conditions of the body as affecting the mind; and he here gives hints as to the means of detecting such abnormal and unhealthy conditions in children, and the best methods of dealing with them. On these points teachers may find food for thought in his pages. (90 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

Magazine Notes

MR. ALDRICH, who has just resigned from the editorship of *The Atlantic*, takes leave, at the same time, but on the first page of *Harper's*, of the Comic Muse. Mr. Smedley, in the frontispiece, shows him bowing adieu, and Miss Thalia, with a 'come-again' expression on her face, throwing him a farewell kiss. He ascribes his desertion to the fact that he is growing old—as if the lady in question did not always love the old boys best! The magazine this month is devoted, in large part, to poetry and fiction. In the second instalment of 'Port Tarascon,' the brave Tartarin and one hundred and fifty devoted followers, including the valiant Brother Bataillet, remain behind on the spongy South Sea island where the

first colonizers have been eaten up by the Papuans. There are short stories, 'A Poetess,' 'Truth and Untruth,' 'The Scarecrow,' 'Two Letters' and 'The Moonlighter of County Clare.' The last, by Jonathan Sturges, is the strongest. It shows that in translating Maupassant the writer caught and has kept his manner; but it shows at the same time a distinct ability to choose and use his own material. Frank Sewall has an appreciative study of Gioseu Carducci, with translations, some rhymed, some unrhymed, of his 'Hymn to Satan' and several of his sonnets. Other poets of the number are William Sharp, Matthew Richey Knight and George Edgar Montgomery. Gossiping occasional articles are 'Social Life in Oxford,' by Ethel M. Arnold, 'Texan Types and Contrasts,' by Lee C. Harby, and 'Baltic Russia,' by Henry Lansdell, D.D. All three are illustrated; and the first of them, the paper on Oxford, suggests that the gift of expression is a birthright of the family which has given to literature the writer's grandfather, Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby; her father, Thomas Arnold the younger; her uncles, Matthew and William, the latter the author of 'Oakfield; or, Fellowship in the East'; her sister, Mrs. Humphrey Ward; and herself.

The 'Newspaper of the Future,' according to Noah Brooks in the July *Forum*, will not be smart or flippant: its writers will be learned and carefully trained; it will not be partisan: it will be honest; it will verify all its statements, and will not print advertisements. The leading article of the number is an autobiographical one by Prof. Tyndall, 'Formative Influences.' James E. Murdoch, the actor, writes 'A Short Study of Hamlet'; Dr. Lyman Abbott considers 'The Wages System'; Walter M. Ferris enumerates some 'Obstacles to Civil Service Reform'; Prof. David P. Todd states some 'Modern Eclipse Problems'; Richard J. Hinton describes 'The Newer West'; and the utility of various new explosives is discussed by Commander F. M. Barlow in 'Gunpowder and its Successors.' There are no less than three purely political articles—'A Defense of the Veto Power,' by Edward C. Mason; 'The Art of Gerrymandering,' by Walter C. Hamm; and 'Perplexities that Canada would Bring,' by A. R. Carman.

Mr. Austin Dobson converts Horace's 'O Fons Bandusiae' into English in a tripping French measure in the July *Scribner's*, and Mr. Weguelin shows him to us in the frontispiece about to sacrifice to the nymph he-goat,

poor and thin—
Merely bones, in fact, and skin.

Bruce Price writes sensibly on 'The Suburban House,' and illustrates his article with many cuts of houses, only one of which (a house at Cumberland, Md.) seems to us either sensible or beautiful. 'Bird Cradles' (nests) are the subject of an interesting article by Wm. H. Gibson, illustrated prettily by the author. Duffield Osborne writes of 'Surf and Surf Bathing,' with directions for avoiding undertow and 'sea-poosie,' and with capital drawings by M. J. Burns and W. S. Allen. But the chief ingredient of the number is Mr. Stevenson's glorification of 'The House of Tembinoka,' of the shark ancestry of his friend the King of Apemama, and of the King himself—'A royal' (and pith-helmeted) 'Lady of Shalott.' We wonder whether this delightful confusion of genders is intended by Mr. Stevenson as a savage joke or a Scotch one. We anxiously await King Tembinoka's poem, but we expect nothing finer in its way than this.

Is it more than a coincidence that just as the glorious Tartarin leaves his native Provence for a dismal isle in Oceanica, in the July *Harper's*, Miss Harriet W. Preston, in *The Century*, should go a-pilgrimage through Nimes and Arles, Beaucaire and Tarascon? While 'La Tarasque,' in wooden effigy, adorns the deck of the Tootoopumpum, the story of his capture by Saint Martha is related by Miss Preston. While the Tarasconians add the fragrance of their Garlic soup to Indin's balmy breezes in the one magazine, King René scents the Provençal air with the rose, the clove-pink and the muscat grape in the other. Miss Preston's article is a delightful compound of Daudet and Mistral, of sun-burnt mirth and antique minstrelsy, and it is beautifully illustrated with drawings of Roman ruins, mediæval castles and modern streets, and picturesque squares and gardens. John Burroughs follows with a delightful 'Taste of the Kentucky Blue-Grass' region, abundantly illustrated. 'The Women of the French Salons' is continued. Joseph Jefferson tells of incidents in South America and in London. His account of a night at the theatre in Callao, beginning with a farce and ending with a tableau of the Crucifixion, is well worth reading, as is the account of his English cousins at Astley's, 'four-and-twenty Jeffersons all in a row.' 'The Anglomaniacs' is continued, and there are two short stories—'The Reign of Reason,' by Viola Roseboro, and 'Little Venice,' by Grace Denio Litchfield. The scene of the latter is in the St. Clair Flats, near Detroit. Lest there should be a surfeit of sweets, we presume, the editor

has encouraged Mr. Henry George and Mr. Edward Atkinson to go for one another over the former's single tax theory; and, lest it should be supposed that the War articles were really and truly at an end, we have a new description of life in Andersonville Prison, by T. H. Mann, M.D. The frontispiece of the number is an engraving by Mr. Cole after the 'Madonna Appearing to St. Bernard' of Filippino Lippi.

The Magazine of American History opens its twenty-fourth volume with the July number. A portrait of Sir William Blackstone serves as frontispiece, its pertinence apparent to whosoever reads the leading article, 'The Golden Age of Colonial New York.' Mrs. Lamb gives a picture of the little metropolis of the province under kingly rule in 1768. Roy Singleton writes briefly of 'Sir William Blackstone and his Work,' the first volumes of which were already possessed by the principal lawyers of New York. 'The Indian College at Cambridge,' by Andrew McFarlane Davis, follows with valuable information on a subject little known. 'Burgoyne's Defeat and Surrender' is an inquiry, from an English standpoint, by Percy Cross Standish; 'A Curious and Important Discovery in Indiana,' by Ex-Lieut.-Gov. Robertson, gives a view of the links connecting the days of chivalry in France with those of adventure among the savage tribes of America; and then comes 'President Lincoln's Humor,' by David R. Locke.

"The Burnt Million"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Mr. James Payn, concerning whose novel, 'The Burnt Million,' there was some discussion a short time ago, writes as follows to our London representative:—

I see in *THE CRITIC* that it is stated by Messrs. Harper Bros. that they sent me a check for 'The Burnt Million.' They have omitted to add that I returned it. The world is not yet so happily managed that an author can get paid twice over for the same work.

This statement, from Mr. Payn himself, will doubtless remove whatever erroneous impression may have arisen in the minds of some, as to our right in claiming the authorized edition of Mr. Payn's work.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1890.

JOHN LOVELL CO.

The Lounger

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON lives by literature, and very largely for literature, as well—as every writer must do who hopes to be remembered after he has responded 'Here' for the last time at the calling of his name. He takes pride in his profession, and by his practice of it adds to the respect in which it is held even by the half educated or wholly unlettered creatures who hold that literature loses none of its value to the consumer by being stolen. And he thinks that \$5000 a year is good pay for the average literary worker, and that even less might satisfy a man of modest aims. This is undeniable. But supposing we take, with him, \$5000 as a convenient standard of compensation for all but a very few eminently able or successful men: how many literary workers make so much per year? And is not that sum, or a larger one, made annually by many a physician or lawyer who is intellectually no better equipped than men-of-letters whose earnings average less?

MR. HIGGINSON ARGUES, in *The Christian Union*, that the literary man should be content to be 'partly paid in honor,' as his mother told him the Harvard Professors were, in the days when smaller salaries were paid at the University than are paid now. Perhaps he should; but if he got the protection from piracy which International Copyright would afford him, his vocation would become no whit less honorable than at present, while it would be appreciably more lucrative. No one ought to be content to receive for his work a farthing less than he would get if it were sold under fair conditions, and that the American men-of-letters living in America can not do to-day, though the American man-of-letters can who expatriates himself—who makes his home in a land that perhaps boasts less of its 'civilization' than we are wont to boast of ours, but has not yet reached that point of 'progress' at which the superiority of stolen goods over goods honestly gotten becomes so obvious as to blind the getter to the immorality of the cheaper method of acquisition. As to the pleasure which the literary man derives from the exercise of his vocation, that is a quantity which must be indicated by *X*. For my own part (if a mere journalist may give testimony in a matter of letters), I do not remember ever having sat down with a feeling of satisfaction at the thought of the task before me. The act of composition is simple drudgery to me, and I had rather at any time take a whipping (if I might regulate the force and number of the blows!) than write an article a thou-

sand words in length. With Mr. Besant—as cited by Mr. Lathrop in *The Independent*—I recognize the fact that 'the day-laborer in literature, whether producing honest work worthy of eternal fame, or honest work that may be useful for a few years, deserves as much consideration as the day-laborer in any other department, and should be paid commensurately to his service, without regard to the ideal pleasure which he may privately derive from his work.'

WHEN MAJOR POND got back from England lately, he wore a 'Stanley cap'—the sort of head-dress the explorer made for himself on the Congo from a piece of tent cloth and some elder sprouts. An English manufacturer is turning out imitations of it by the gross; and it was one of these that the gallant Major wore on his return across the 'frog-pond.' The original was of large size, but it was not because he couldn't get a big enough hat of ordinary make that Stanley devised it: his head has not grown an inch, Major Pond assures us, since he was last in America, nor yet been turned a hair's-breadth by the ovations he has received. It is still of normal dimensions, and looks as doggedly forward as ever it did. The Major reports the anxiety of 'Theodore Parker, the famous London preacher,' to meet the great traveller, on the occasion of the Stanley dinner. From this it seems that while good Americans go to Paris when they die, famous American preachers go to London—and come to life again. Or can it be that *Joseph Parker* is the divine to whom Stanley's manager refers? I venture to give a few Stanley dates: marriage to Miss Dorothy Tennant, July 10; reception of degree of LL.D. from Cambridge (he is already a D.C.L. of Oxford), Oct. 24; departure for America on the Teutonic, Oct. 29.

AFTER HIS MARRIAGE, Stanley will go at once to Scotland. 'I am going north,' he said to Brother Pond, 'but am not to leave the island.' This is a rash promise for a man who is in the habit of going several thousand miles in one direction whenever he starts off on a journey. Unless his wife keeps an eye on him, he will probably be beyond his depth in the North Sea before the honeymoon has fairly risen.

IN THE *Tribune* of June 23, the Rev. Dr. F. A. Farley of Brooklyn was shown to be the oldest living graduate of Harvard College (1818). He was ninety years of age on June 25. The next day (June 24), in the same paper, the Rev. Ebenezer Hazzard Snowden (Hamilton, 1818) was alluded to as possibly the Nestor of college graduates. His age was not stated. On the 25th, the Rev. Dr. Farley was declared to be 'one of the oldest living graduates of Harvard.' I call attention to these discrepancies, not to convict the *Tribune* of carelessness, but to illustrate the difficulty, if not impossibility, of attaining absolute accuracy or consistency in a periodical published once a day. One pair of eyes would have to read every line of proof daily, and one memory retain every statement contained therein, if that end were to be attained.

THE REV. DAN GREATOREX of St. Paul's Vicarage, Dock Street, London Docks, is 'agin' the free public library. To what he is doubtless pleased to call his mind, it is not even a necessary evil. Statistics of his own gathering show that the 'patron' of the public library reads mainly for the pleasure reading affords him, and not, as he would take a dose of squills, for the bettering of his condition. I quote from 'G. W. S.':—

He has studied the library question in Wolverhampton, in Bilstion, in Birmingham, in Manchester, in Sheffield and in Liverpool. The results are rather curious. The whole issue of books from the public libraries of these six towns for the year 1887-88 reached the respectable number of 1,602,463 volumes. Out of this respectable total there were 1,282,741 volumes of fiction, leaving but 319,822 for all other kinds of literature. Mr. Greatorex, to whom the reading of fiction appears to be an abomination, divides all literature into two classes; or perhaps three. Fiction and books of instruction are his two chief heads; the third being magazines. But, though there are three, the antithesis is maintained, and fiction is clearly not, to his mind, instructive. Or, to put it a little differently, all books are books of instruction except novels; even sermons seem to be classed as instructive.

'I MAKE NO COMMENTS,' says the Reverend Dan. 'I leave your readers to form their own opinion as to the value of free libraries. And most of us will avail ourselves of the privilege; some of us, no doubt, agreeing with Mr. Greatorex that fiction is an abomination, and that statistics—the statistics of free libraries, for instance—should form the staple of every one's reading, and that, till the working classes have acquired a taste for statistical literature, the libraries should be closed to them,—while others will dissent as strongly from this conception of the whole duty of man in the matter of books, and contend that a good deal of fiction may be assimilated, even by the poor, without perceptibly softening their brains

or hardening their sympathies. 'The clamor against libraries is but one expression of the clerical dislike of secular instruction,' Mr. Smalley observes. 'It is the spirit of Rome; and there never has been a time when the spirit of Rome was wholly absent from the Church of England.' Yet it was only the other day (or the other year) that the Bishop of Ripon gave the novelist his blessing and bade him godspeed.

MORE RECENTLY the good Bishop has suggested the question, What are the best books of the last hundred years? His only hint as to his personal preferences, thrown out at a dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, comprehended Gray's 'Elegy,' Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' and 'Idylls,' Sir E. Arnold's 'Light of Asia,' Morris's 'Earthly Paradise,' Ruskin's Works, the poetry of Browning, Scott's 'Waverley,' Shorthouse's 'John Inglesant,' Dickens's 'Pickwick,' Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' and 'Newcomes,' Henry James's 'Daisy Miller,' George Eliot's 'Adam Bede,' and Mrs. Burnett's 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' There are three or four books in this list that would rule it off the track at any well-conducted race-course. The Rev. Dan Greatorex could hardly make a worse catalogue, in some respects. It shows, however, that the Bishop of Ripon has a catholic taste, however hostile he may be to the Church of Rome.

London Letter

LONDON being full to overflowing with every conceivable form of entertainment at the present moment, the drum being beat day by day for opera, play, exhibition, picture-show, polo-match, and what not, it would seem scarcely credible that those very mild species of amusement, the charity bazar, the chamber concert, or the recitation, should flourish. Yet they do flourish—goodness knows how, or why! There is a string of carriages standing in the shade outside the lecture-room and the concert-hall, just as there is outside the theatre or the club-ground,—wherefore it is conceivable that even a 'reading,' and a reading on the Cup Day in Ascot week, might have been a success, had the selected piece been by any other author than Henrik Ibsen.

The Haymarket was well filled with a properly selected audience on Thursday last, when Mrs. Erving Winslow read aloud the 'Enemy of the People'; but the result was a fresh proof that Ibsen is the very last dramatist who should be thus 'interpreted' to a large assemblage of people. Mrs. Winslow is an accomplished reader, with a charming and expressive voice; but neither she nor anyone else could have made such a purely prosaic, material, unromantic piece as 'An Enemy of the People' acceptable or even intelligible to an English audience. A somewhat imperfect translation would at the best have left much to be desired, but when I add that the play had had to be recklessly cut down to suit the limits of an afternoon recitation, for which an impatient, overheated, bored, and blasphemous crowd had but scant measure of patience, it will be seen that it was put to a severe, nay to a cruel test. 'An Enemy of the People' has neither the striking situations of 'A Doll's House,' nor the weird spirituality of 'The Lady of the Lake'; it has, indeed, comedy, and comedy of the best kind; but what is such fooling without folly, what is stage jesting without its proper accompaniment of stage scenery? Unfortunately for herself and for all concerned, Mrs. Winslow chose a play of character, and of realistic dialogue—the most troublesome things in the world for a reciter to manage; and the consequence was that—Mr. Gladstone left early. Had he remained in the Haymarket some ten minutes longer, he would have heard some remarks on 'leading men' and a 'compact Liberal majority' which might have interested him; but after all, he was, I think, wise to be off.

Those picture-lovers who are weary of Burlington House and disappointed in the New Gallery—and they are not a few—may now turn their steps to pastures very new indeed. If they can only persuade themselves to travel as far eastward as the Guildhall—that seat and centre of the city—they will be rewarded for their pains. Civic London never does things by halves. The Library Committee of the Corporation have come forward nobly at a very serious crisis in the Art World. They have got together a loan collection of great excellence, just at a time when no other collection is worth a two-penny piece; when in desperation people go to applaud the valiant efforts after art in the Military Exhibition, or turn into the Academy to giggle in front of the appalling horses of a once famous R.A. Let them now seek out the Guildhall, and they will find there some of the best pictures of some of the greatest painters of modern times.

Three different 'Lady Hamiltons' by Romney will come to the hammer next Saturday at Christie's. That, in itself, will secure a full house. The tinted Venus of Gibson will also be on view and on sale. On the previous day the Turners from the Farnley Hall

collection will be the chief attraction. These comprise no fewer than thirty fine drawings, made from a tour up the Rhine in 1719, all of which are in first-rate condition, having been preserved in a portfolio during the intervening years.

Mr. Whistler's shyest little *moreau*, 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies,' is making friends at any rate. It is very pretty. It is Whistlerian to the backbone—if such a piece of goods can be said to have a backbone. It reminds one of a delicate salad, crisp, tart, provocative, piquant, and gone in a moment. A single nip, and it is off; off, too, with a wink and a grimace. That is 'James's' little way, and that exactly suits 'James's' little circle. A more ambitious volume is 'Toxar,' by the author of 'Thoth,' which comes to me from Messrs. Longmans, and which, when read, I rather wished had not come. For 'Toxar' took some time to read, and seemed to demand some attention also. It opened with a flourish and promised well. Yet when finished I did not find that the performance had been very great in any way. 'Toxar' himself, the leading character of the book, never turned out to be anything above a revengeful, and justly embittered slave; his master Antinous never learned any great truths from his life of alternate luxury and rigor; while even the magician Telemos, with the jewel in his forehead, seemed to be able to get along well enough without the jewel, when once it had been torn from its place.

I like 'Snap' infinitely better. 'Snap' also comes from Longmans, and is a fine, healthy, vigorous book. Boys' books being the fashion, it is sure to go off briskly, and so it ought to do. The pictures alone would set any ordinary blood a-fire. Moreover, the incidents are fresh, and are not spoilt by stale and silly jokes, such as too often creep into 'books for the young'; while the only part of the whole which might perhaps have been omitted, is the school life of the hero, one boy's school-life being inevitably very much like another's. But Snap in the wilds is completely original; and one scene in particular, wherein he compounds a delicious soup for his mates—which soup, however, presently appears to possess what the doctors call 'cumulative' properties—is delightful. Every one approves the soup, but the soup rends bolts and bars, in other words belts and buttons, after a brief interval; and it turns out that by mistake for salt, Snap has sifted into the pot, and that with no illiberal hand, Borwick's Baking Powder! Every *chef* will divine the result!

A thoughtful and painstaking life of Macready, the actor, is that published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. It is a relief to peruse a biography which has been compiled with so much care, and which is not a mere string of episodes and anecdotes. Mr. William Archer, our present biographer, is to be congratulated on having produced a highly interesting account of an interesting individual, one whom all true lovers of the English stage must hold in honor; and though the memoirs before me are suitably lengthy, for the tale of Macready's long and brilliant career could not be compressed into a small compass, they are never dull. There is nothing superfluous nor tiresome in the narrative throughout. The Life of Macready is a book to be read through, if it require a leisure hour to read it in. As much cannot be said for many of its contemporaries.

May I be allowed to say one word about our American visitors who are revelling in the London season at the present time? They are very numerous, and to my mind 'the more the merrier.' I think we are all getting more appreciative of our American cousins than we used to be; I know I have only to whisper the words 'An American' before introducing either a young lady or a young gentleman, to be sure of a bright response. A hostess will reply with fervor, 'Do bring your American friends,' if the suggestion is made to her. But we don't quite like their dancing, it is so very lively, and does not suit our slower blood; and they rather pull us to pieces tearing after this thing and that, and showing an energy and youthfulness in pursuit of pleasure, which is apt to take one's breath away. Are they like that at home, we wonder? Or, is it a case of 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,' with them?

A paper on the subject of American girls, by Mrs. John Sherwood, has some excellent things in it. Mrs. Sherwood reminds her young readers that what English people find fault with in their demeanour, is an 'absence of reserve,' an 'air of success,' which is a characteristic of many. This is quite true in the main; self-assertion and self-assuredness in any shape is always unpleasant, and perhaps one does see it exhibited a little more by young folks who have not had it rigidly repressed by parents and guardians, as a form of ill breeding—but for my own part, I can only say, that many of the young American girls who have been lately presented to me have had as gentle, deferential manners, and as soft voices also, as any English mother could desire for her children. This may not be a common experience, but it is certainly mine. If all young gentlewomen, whether English or American, could only believe how much it adds to any charms they pos-

sess to be polite, attentive, deferential, and how entirely it spoils a pretty face to find its owner arrogant and opinionative—(even if in the right, which is quite possibly the case),—surely they would be on their guard in this respect. *Brusquerie* is always disagreeable; and a certain set-you-right air with which very many boys and girls in their teens deliver their opinions in the present day when freed from society restraint is in the highest degree unbecoming—but the rising generation needs to learn that truth just as much on this side of the Atlantic as on the other. In one respect, I may add, young Americans of the fair sex have a decided advantage, as a rule, over young Englishwomen. They take part in a general conversation. They do not either sit mutely by, looking as if all that were required of them were to pose their graceful heads and fold their taper fingers—they show an intelligent interest, and here and there insert an apt remark. Often, too, it is a very lively remark. One of the commonest observations in London society at the present moment is 'American girls are so amusing.' English girls might be a little more amusing without detriment to themselves, and sometimes with infinite comfort to their weary entertainers.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

THE retirement of Mr. Aldrich from the editorship of *The Atlantic*, which he has filled for the past nine years, has elicited high praise for the ability with which he has performed its duties, and the breadth and catholicity of taste and judgment that have given character to his work. The regret caused by his resignation is tempered by the knowledge that he will now be able to devote himself exclusively to original composition, and that his successor is so admirably qualified for his editorial position. Mr. Horace E. Scudder, indeed, has won a high literary reputation; but he is one of those modest men who never sound their own trumpets. Though a prolific writer, much of his work has appeared anonymously, but it is of a character which illustrates his fitness for his new position. In the elaborate index to *The Atlantic* which he prepared, there are nearly five pages with double columns of titles of his contributions to that periodical. These include articles on a great variety of subjects, besides stories and sketches; and of special significance are the numerous reviews of books, history and *belles lettres* being prominent.

It is obvious that work of this character is just the training which an editor of *The Atlantic* needs; and I may add, by way of correction of some newspaper statements, that while Mr. Scudder was not associate editor of that magazine under Mr. Aldrich's administration, he edited it during the latter's visits to Europe. He was born in Boston Oct. 16, 1838, graduated at Williams College twenty years later, and some time afterward went to New York, where he taught for three years. Meanwhile he wrote the first of his stories for children, 'Seven Little People and their Friends.' His return to Boston was occasioned by the death of his father; and the success of his first book was the means of his adopting literature as a profession. Among his best known publications are 'The Bodley Books,' a series for children; 'The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court,' 'Men and Manners in America,' 'Stories and Romances,' 'Boston Town,' 'Noah Webster' in the American Men-of-Letters Series, 'History of the United States,' and 'Men and Letters.' He was joint author with Mrs. Taylor of the 'Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor.' Mr. Scudder was editor of *The Riverside Magazine for Young People* during the four years of its existence, and published in its three volumes 'Stories from My Attic.' Since his association with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. he has edited for them the series of 'American Commonwealths,' 'American Poems,' and 'American Prose.' He contributed a number of valuable articles to 'The Memorial History of Boston.' The excellence of his literary work is as noticeable as its variety; he has a forcible and graceful style which is an appropriate vehicle for his robust thought and delicate fancy. That he will make an admirable editor of *The Atlantic* is a foregone conclusion from his catholic and discriminating literary taste and his familiarity with the scope of the magazine.

Mr. Scudder is passing the summer at Little Boar's Head, a charming resort on the New Hampshire seacoast, coming to town several times a week. His brother, Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, the naturalist, author of the monumental work, 'Butterflies of America,' received the honorary degree of Doctor of Science at Williams College Commencement. Mr. Aldrich's friends will be glad to learn that he is to occupy on his return from Europe in September his old quarters at Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s, the former editorial sanctum of *The Atlantic*, which looks out on the peaceful seclusion of the Granary Burying-Ground.

In the new edition of Hawthorne's 'Our Old Home,' in two volumes, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in preparation, a

method of editing the work has been employed which seems peculiarly appropriate in the case of so original and delicate a writer. Hawthorne's own notes are used to illustrate his composition, and there is an avoidance of what might seem editorial impertinence in having nothing but his own words to enlarge and elucidate his ideas as expressed in the text. The author is, in fact, made to annotate himself. The advantage which Hawthorne's Note-Books furnish for this purpose is obvious to persons who have observed the way in which the evolution of his intellectual processes was accomplished, the development and variation of ideas that throw light upon the workings of his genius. This new edition of 'Our Old Home' will be similar in style to 'The Marble Faun,' which was brought out last year. It will be the richest that has been produced of a work which shows the keen practical insight of Hawthorne, as well as the rare felicity of style which with him is always the vehicle of subtle and refined sentiment.

Nora Perry has shown in her prose and verse a happy faculty of depicting the characters and emotions of girls. Her 'After the Ball' shows her skill in drawing a picture in which pathos blends attractively with the bright colors in which the body of the poem is painted, and her musical prose sets off the sketches which she makes of the creations of her fancy. Little, Brown & Co. are preparing a volume of girls' stories that illustrate her sympathetic appreciation of the most attractive elements of girlhood and her capacity to give them vitality and interest. The bright touches of characterization and the pleasant tone of these stories give them an especial charm. They are illustrated by Reginald B. Birch and Charles Copeland.

'The Begum's Daughter,' Mr. Bynner's powerful romance of old Knickerbocker life, has passed to a third edition; the skill with which the historical features of the period are reproduced, the truthful local color and the picturesqueness alike of the individuals depicted and their surroundings, combine to invest this novel with popular interest as well as literary value.

Another romance lately published by Little, Brown & Co. has attracted great attention by its breadth and sweep of development; its dramatic intensity, and the power with which its characters and incidents are depicted. This is 'Fire and Sword,' by the Polish novelist Henryk Sienkiewicz. It is one of those stories which almost make one feel that war is by no means an unmixed evil, for the noble qualities which are developed under its influence give a strength to national character which is needed to sustain it amid the enervating influences of material success in 'piping times of peace.'

Of a more delicate character is 'The Blind Musician,' by Vladimir Korolenko, the patriotic Russian author, which is published by the same firm, and exhibits an insight into the character of the blind, a sympathetic appreciation of their trials, and a sweet and tender pathos that are very attractive.

BOSTON, July 7, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

International Copyright

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS have come to the conclusion that even the paralysis of the popular conscience on the subject of International Copyright does not justify them in profiting by the sale of reading-matter for which Messrs. A. & C. Black of Edinburgh have paid while they themselves have not. In a letter to *The Evening Post*, whose editor has set forth the enormity of their offence against the moral law, they say:—

We have decided to receive no further orders for the 'Britannica,' completing only unfilled contracts or orders. We take this step because we do not wish to be placed by our opponents (whose violence seems to have overstepped all bounds of fairness) in the false position of opposing international copyright, a measure in which we heartily believe, and for which we have often spoken and labored. Some honest friends of this measure, on whose judgment we have long placed great reliance, assure us that the bitter controversy which is growing out of the sale of the 'Britannica' by us will prove a serious stumbling-block to this measure before Congress. Out of deference to the judgment of these friends, we will gladly forego what pecuniary advantages might result to us by a continuance of this sale.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have been inquiring lately for new words, or words used in novel senses, for a dictionary they mean to get the public to compile for them. We would respectfully call their attention, in this connection, to a sentence in this letter of theirs, which may furnish them with a somewhat unusual connotation of the word 'squints.' It

reads thus:—'The American public is in no mood just now to grow enthusiastic over any measure that squints that way.'

The Chicago *Times* prints an open letter from Secretary Johnson of the Copyright League to the Kane County, Ill., Republican Convention, presenting a masterly array of reasons against the legalizing of literary piracy. The communication was called forth by the Convention's endorsement of Congressman Hopkins's opposition to International Copyright in the House of Representatives. We make room for the 'final consideration,' which, according to the writer, 'includes all the rest':—

There are doubtless among you professed members of the Christian Church, and doubtless others who, though not nominally such, yet aim to be guided by the precepts of Jesus of Nazareth. Have you sufficiently considered the moral bearings of this question? Morality supervenes all law, and good citizens and Christians do not look at the Revised Statutes to find their rule of conduct. Suppose yourselves to be American authors who have given the hard labor of brain and hand to the composition of works of value to the country in your special departments of activity. Do you believe you would feel satisfied to see the fruits of your professional labors taken from you the moment your property leaves the bounds of your own country, often with mutilations and additions which are none of yours, and all for the sordid profit of the foreign publisher who puts the proceeds of your labor in his own pocket? Do you remember any precept in the moral law which would sanction such a proceeding? As Mr. Lincoln said of slavery: 'If this be not wrong, nothing is wrong.' Having once become convinced that it is wrong, will you permit yourselves to be counted on the side of those who claim that it is right? For, bear in mind that it is in the name of the citizens of the South and West that the bill was (temporarily) defeated. Again I ask, as honorable men and good citizens, have you sufficiently considered this point?

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, already in the enjoyment of the Schermerhorn Fellowship in its department of Architecture, and next year to avail itself of the McKim travelling scholarships, has just benefited by the liberality of still another citizen toward the same Department. According to the terms of a gift from Mr. Samuel P. Avery, who wishes to honor the memory of his son, a promising young architect who died recently, a special alcove or room will be set apart in the college Library, which will be known as the Architectural Alcove. Mr. Avery's collection of books upon art and architecture, in which are many rare and valuable works, has been given to the College, and the collection will be made as complete as possible in a short time, the necessary books being purchased by Mr. Avery at a cost of about \$15,000. In order that the collection may be kept up to date, Mr. Avery has sent to the Treasurer of Columbia \$15,000, the income of which will be used to purchase new publications bearing upon architecture. The value of the whole gift is about \$50,000.

Two colossal bronze statues of Grant and Lee are proposed for Cumberland Gap, as a joint movement to honor the leaders of the Union and Confederate forces. They are to be equestrian, placed on pedestals fifty feet high rising from bases 100 feet in height. In two weeks from the time the project was mooted, \$26,000 were subscribed.

—Mr. Edward E. Simmons exhibited a picture at the Royal Academy. By a mistake of the salesman, 'Sold' was marked opposite it in the book kept for registering sales. The picture was not sold, but Mr. Simmons is convinced it would have been, had not that word stood over against it. He therefore threatens an action for damages. A London paper advises him, however, 'like a shrewd American,' to 'accept the circumstances, profit by the advertisement, and build up hopes on the generous action of the Academy for the untoward event.'

—L. K., writing to the New York *Times* from Paris, under date of June 24, says that M. Chanchard paid \$160,000 for Meissonier's '1814.'

—A proposition is being agitated among American artists for the foundation in New York of a 'Prix de Paris' similar to the French 'Prix de Rome,' under the conditions of which four artists, selected by competent authorities, are sent every year to Rome to complete their studies in art at the public expense. The suggestion is that a similar endowment be raised here for the purpose of sending yearly to Paris one or more American artists under thirty

years of age. Some well-known members of the American colony in Paris have expressed their desire to contribute to the fund.

—The American Art Association has enlarged and rearranged its exhibition of American pictures. The galleries are open to the public without charge from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., except from Saturday noon till Monday morning, when they are closed.

—It is understood that the Trustees of the British Museum have made arrangements for the purchase of the Carlisle collection of engraved gems, which for about 150 years have been among the most precious ornaments of Castle Howard. The collection, mainly formed by the fourth earl of Carlisle, consists chiefly of Roman and Graeco-Roman relics. To this day, so far as the public and *dilettanti* are concerned, it remains almost unknown.

—It has been decided by the Italian merchants of New York to present to the city, in 1892, a statue of Columbus, to be erected probably in Bowring Green.

Robert Browning's Will

THE WILL of the late Robert Browning, written entirely by his own hand, is as follows:—

This is the last will and testament of me, Robert Browning the younger, of 19 Warwick Crescent, Harrow Road, Esquire. First, I revoke all other wills. Also, I give and bequeath unto George Gooden Moulton Barrett, late of Warmington House, Tiverton, barrister, and John Forster, of Palace Gate House, Kensington, barrister (whom I hereby appoint my executors) and also as my trustees for the purposes hereinafter mentioned, all my stock and property in the Italian public debt or securities, and also all my stock and property in the English funds, and also all my copyrights, money, securities, and personal estates whatsoever and wheresoever, upon the trusts following—that is to say, upon trust out of the income or annual proceeds of my Italian stock and securities to pay unto my sister, Sarianna Browning, half-yearly during her natural life, the sum of 200/- sterling for her absolute use, and subject thereto upon trust out of my Italian and English stocks and property and the income thereof, from time to time, to pay and apply such sum as shall be necessary or desirable to maintain and educate my son, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, until he shall attain the age of twenty-one years, and on my said son attaining the age of twenty-one years, I direct my trustees to stand possessed of all my said Italian and English stocks and property, and all my personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever, in trust for my said son, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, absolutely subject, nevertheless, to the payment of the said yearly sum of 200/- to my said sister during her life, as aforesaid.

And further, in case my said son Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning shall die under the age of twenty-one years without leaving lawful issue, and leaving my said sister Sarianna Browning him surviving, then I direct my said trustees to stand possessed of all my Italian and English stock, property, and personal estate for the sole and absolute benefit of my sister Sarianna Browning, in the hope and confidence that she will by her last will or otherwise give so much thereof and in such share as she in her discretion shall think fit unto the children of my uncle Reuben Browning, and of my cousins James, John, and George Silverthorne; and I hereby declare my wish and desire to be that my trustees shall not sell or convert into other stock or securities my said stock in the Italian debt during the lifetime of my sister or during the minority of my son.

In witness whereof I have hereunder and also to a duplicate hereof set my hand this 12th of February, 1864. Robert Browning the younger. Signed and delivered by the testator. Robert Browning the younger, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us present at the same time, who, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto—A. Tennyson, Freshwater, Isle of Wight; F. T. Palgrave, 5 York-gate, London, M. A. University, Oxon.

John Forster, one of the two executors named in the will, died in the lifetime of the late Robert Browning, on Feb. 2, 1876, and George Gooden Moulton Barrett has duly renounced probate. Letters of administration with the will annexed were, therefore, granted to Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning of 29 De Vere Gardens, Kensington, the testator's son, by whom the gross value of the personal estate and effects in the United Kingdom was sworn at 16, 774/- 19s. 4d.

Notes

THE CRITIC of July 19 will contain the names of the nine 'Immortals' recently chosen by the surviving members of the 'American Academy' elected by our readers in 1884 to succeed the Academicians deceased since that date. An index to the last volume of THE CRITIC (January-June) is issued with this week's number. With the current volume (July-Dec.) the paper will complete its tenth year.

—The United States Book Co. filed articles of incorporation on Tuesday with the Secretary of State of New Jersey at Trenton. It will have a capital of \$3,250,000, and its principal place of business will be in New York city. The Board of Directors will comprise Horace K. Thurber, Samuel Thomas, Chester W. Chapin, Edward Lange, and John W. Lovell of New York, Michael A. Donahue of Chicago, James D. Safford of Springfield, Mass., James A. Taylor of Plainfield, N. J., and Erastus Wiman. Mr. Thurber will be the President of the company, and the practical details will be in charge of Mr. Lovell, Mr. Lange and Mr. Donahue. This company will practically carry on the business of the John W. Lovell Co., but with a largely increased capital.

—Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, the Pope's biographer and one of his domestic prelates while in Rome, has returned to New York, and is at work upon a Life of Archbishop McHale of Tuam, who died some years ago at the age of ninety-one. He hopes to issue it in October.

—The new edition of Ruskin's poems will contain several pieces not before published, and will be illustrated from drawings by the author.

—Mr. F. C. Burnand has been writing a burlesque of Mr. H. M. Stanley's book, 'In Darkest Africa,' which will be published at once. Is this done in a spirit of bravado, to show that the editor of *Punch* has no fear of sharing the opprobrium heaped upon Mark Twain for his burlesque of the Arthurian legend in 'A Connecticut Yankee'?

—Mr. Clinton Scollard, the poet, having married Miss Georgia Brown of Jackson, Mich., on July 3, has sailed with his wife for Europe, and will probably remain abroad for more than a year.

—Mrs. Alexander, author of 'The Wooing O't,' 'Her Dearest Foe,' etc., will contribute the complete novel to the August *Lippincott's*; and Rudyard Kipling a short story of Anglo-Indian life called 'At the End of the Passage.' 'Lawn-Tennis for Women,' and an essay by Julian Hawthorne on 'Ghosts,' will appear in the same number.

—Benj. R. Tucker of Boston will publish, to-day (Saturday) 'The Rag-Picker of Paris,' by Félix Pyat. The work was originally written as a play, but the author elaborated it into a novel shortly before his death, last summer.

—We are indebted to Prof. James Russell Soley, Superintendent of Naval War Records, for a copy of the *Navy Register* for 1890.

—Prof. W. W. Hendrickson, head of the Department of Mathematics at the Naval Academy, has been summarily removed from his post. Prof. Hendrickson, who is a mathematician of brilliant abilities, resigned a Lieut.-Commandership in 1873 in order to obtain the position from which he has just been ejected.

—The *Journal of Education* records the following census dialogue:—'En. How many children have you? *Lady*. Two. *En*. What is the age of the oldest? *Lady*. I have no oldest. *En*. Well, of the youngest, then? *Lady*. I have no youngest. *En*. What then, are they twins? *Lady*. No. *En*. I ask these questions officially, and must have a correct answer. *Lady*. Before I was married I was a school teacher, and I taught pupils that the superlative degree should not be used in comparing two things. I practice what I taught. My *older* child is ten, and my *younger* one eight.'

—Referring to a movement in Brooklyn for the formation of an Authors' Protective Union, whose main object shall be to bring to an end 'the existing relations between authors and publishers, by which the former are almost entirely at the mercy of the latter,' *The Publishers' Weekly* cautions the promoters of the organization 'to be heedful of their tongues, and not to confound the honorable men of the profession with dishonorable interlopers, lest their cause be handicapped at the start.'

—Walter Besant is accused of having hypnotized an ingenious gentleman, and extracted from him the entire story of his novelle entitled 'The Doubts of Dives.' 'The Bell of St. Paul's,' or at least 'everything that is good' in that novel, was obtained, it is alleged, from the same source and by the same means; 'and to crown these

outrages, Mr. Besant's accuser has since become once more the victim of the pirate hypnotizer—it was this time on the Metropolitan Railway—though what was the exact spoil on this last occasion has yet to be made known.' Mr. Besant, says the London *Daily News*, pronounces 'Dives' as a dissyllable, while his mysterious visitor treated it as a monosyllable.

—The body of the Polish poet Mickiewicz, removed from its resting-place at Montmorency, France, was reburied at Cracow on July 4. The ceremony was attended by deputations representing the whole of Europe, and one deputation from America. Count Tarnowski delivered a touching oration. In the funeral procession were numerous bands, the members of which were dressed in Polish national costumes. The crypt in which the body was placed was fairly filled with wreaths. The chanting of Mozart's requiem was a part of the ceremony. The police forbade the display of the Polish revolutionary flag, and the Archbishop of Lemberg forbade the clergy to refer to the poet, because M. Renan had delivered an oration on the occasion of the disinterment at Montmorency.

—The last volume of H. H. Bancroft's 'History of California' will be issued in San Francisco this week. It reviews the material, political and social development of the State for the last forty years, speaking plainly about the rage for money-getting and the standard of wealth set up in society.

—'Great Reviews,' the June volume in the Camelot Series, consists of notices of famous books by Scott, Burns, Byron, and others, selected from the early numbers of the great English reviews.

—Sophia M. Almon Hensley, late of Windsor, N. S., and now residing in Pictou, N. S., will soon bring out a volume of verse from the press of Walter Scott in London. As Miss Almon she has published several short poems redolent of the flavor of the land which Nova Scotians call Evangeline's.

—The Rev. Ernest C. Richardson, the accomplished Librarian of the Hartford Theological Seminary, has been chosen to succeed the late Dr. Frederic Vinton as the head of the Library of Princeton University.

—On June 23 was issued another posthumous publication, comprising notes of travel, by Victor Hugo. The publisher is Hetzel-Quantin, and the book is entitled 'En Voyage.' The poet puts before his readers, in splendid verbal coloring, his experiences among and reminiscences of the Alps and the Pyrenees, with their contiguous towns and places of historic or general interest.

—Lord Chesterfield's latest editor, the late Lord Carnarvon, who published a volume of hitherto unedited letters from the Earl to his godson, was buried on Thursday, July 3. At his funeral, at Highclere Castle, the Queen and the Prince of Wales were represented, and the Prime Minister and a number of other eminent persons went from London. Service was held at the same time in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, London, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Derby and many others attending.

—Among other large bequests, the will of William L. Gilbert, the millionaire philanthropist of Winsted, Conn., gives \$500,000 to establish and maintain a public school of high order in the eastern portion of the town of Winchester, now East Winsted, and \$40,000 to the Gilbert School for colored girls at Winsted, La.

—Herbert Spencer, referring to the late Miss Constance Naden's 'Heslop Medal Essay' on induction and deduction, which, with other papers, has just been published, remarks that in her case, as in other cases, the mental powers so highly developed in a woman are in some measure abnormal, and involve a physiological cost which her feminine organization will not bear without injury more or less profound. This, however, does not prevent his paying a high tribute to Miss Naden's intellect and character. He says:—

Very generally, receptivity and originality are not associated; but in her mind they appear to have been equally great. I can think of no woman save George Eliot in whom there has been this union of high philosophical capacity with extensive acquisition. Unquestionably her subtle intelligence would have done much in furtherance of national thought, and her death has entailed a serious loss.

—Miss Harriet W. Prestof has made a translation of Frédéric Mistral's Provençal poem 'Mireio,' which will be published late in the summer by Mr. Fisher Unwin, with a frontispiece by Mr. Pennell.

—News comes from Ottawa of the discovery in Montreal of a very old Bible, which has been deposited with the Notre Dame Savings Bank for safe keeping. The owner is said to have paid \$200 for it. Yet the work is nothing more, says the *Times*, than 'the Elzevir piratical reprint, made in 1669, with valueless notes by Sam. and H. Desmarests of the Geneva version of the Bible published at Sedan in 1633. It is in two volumes, folio, the typogra-

phy is superb, but the proof-reading is wretched. A large-paper copy of the work at the Cotte sale was valued at \$24, at the Thierry \$10.'

—There seems to be a general curiosity to know who Mr. Henry Deakin is, to whom Sir Edwin Arnold is reported to have sold 'the American rights' to his forthcoming poem, 'The Light of the World.'

—Radical changes having taken place in the constitution of the firm, Messrs. Remington are going to alter their style to Eden, Remington & Co. It is rumored that a large publishing firm in Paternoster Row is to be turned into a limited company, the shares being retained in the hands of the present partners. Mr. Yates declares that the Longmans have already taken a similar step.

—Andrew Lang has prepared 'The Red Fairy Book' as a companion to his 'Blue Fairy Book.'

—'Glimpses of Old English Homes,' by the late Miss Elizabeth Balch, is on the list of Macmillan & Co.'s forthcoming publications. The book's contents originally attracted attention in *The English Illustrated*. 'Language and Linguistic Methods in Schools,' by Dr. S. S. Laurie, and Robert Drury's 'Journal in Madagascar,' are announced by the same house.

—Capt. John H. Allen, a well-known Brooklyn shipmaster and ship owner, author of 'The Tariff and its Evils; or, Protection Which does Not Protect,' and other writings, is supposed to be dead. He sailed on Dec. 8 last from Darien, Ga., with the ship Bridgewater, for Queenstown, Ireland. Nothing was heard of the vessel until April 5, when wreckage, consisting of pitch-pine timber and a life-buoy with the name 'Bridgewater' on it, was found on the shore at Achill Head, County of Mayo, Ireland. No tidings have been received of master or crew.

—Sir Edwin Arnold has promised to write for *Scribner's* three articles upon Japan and Japanese life. Mr. Robert Blum, who was sent out by the *Magazine*, has arrived in Japan, and is making the drawings to illustrate these articles, under the guidance and suggestion of the author himself.

—We learn from 'Bok's Literary Leaves' that Mrs. Grant's Reminiscences of the General may not be finished so early even as next winter.

—The committee organized to purchase Dove Cottage, once the home of Wordsworth, the poet, is headed by Lord Tennyson. They have abandoned the scheme for a museum, but if the popular subscription enables them to purchase the cottage will hold it as a trust for the contemplation of literary pilgrims.

—An invitation was sent to Prince Bismarck by the American students at Göttingen to attend the Fourth of July fêtes at that place. In his reply, which was written in English, the ex-Chancellor said: 'Of the four distinguished Americans who are to be honored with memorial tablets, I have had the privilege of counting two among my intimate friends—Motley and Bancroft. Therefore I am doubly sorry that it will be impossible for me to take part in your interesting ceremony.'

—The *Athenaeum* greatly regrets the death of Major-Gen. C. B. Brackenbury, R.A., 'one of the ablest of writers on military subjects.' He was a brother of Lieut.-Gen. Henry Brackenbury, with whom he has been confused in some obituary notices.

—The Johnstown Flood Commission have issued an order, it is said, for the publication of a complete history of the flood and the work done in relief of the sufferers by the various organizations, together with other matters of interest. It is not stated who will bear the expense, which is estimated at about \$10,000.

—In a special despatch from Providence, the *Tribune* says that the report comes from a trustworthy source that Charles L. Colby and Joseph Pitman Earle, both 'well-known New York millionaires,' who have long taken an interest in the affairs of Brown University, have offered to give \$500,000 for the establishment of technical school in connection with the college.

—Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' has been translated into the tongue of the Hindu race by Sri Dhara. It is an almost line-for-line translation, and preserves nearly all the ideas of the original.

—The most important books in English literature that came into the possession of the British Museum last year are declared to be the three unique, or almost unique, copies of editions of works by Bunyan, purchased from the American, Mr. Stevens. The chief of these is Bunyan's first work, 'Some Gospel Truths Opened According to the Scriptures' (London, 1656). Only one other copy is known, and that is imperfect. It is a controversial treatise against the Quakers.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1547.—Where is the line 'O! darkly, deeply, beautifully blue' to be found? It is quoted by Byron, but I have not been able to trace it.

LACHINE, P. Q.

[In Southey's 'Madoc in Wales,' V.]

1548.—Can you place the following quotation for me? 'No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. A boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, his residence is creation.' I have always thought it was in Webster's eulogy of Washington, but fail to find it there.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

CANTO.

O. H. A.

1549.—From what is the phrase 'As haggards of the rock' quoted, what does it mean, and how does it apply to the story in the May Scribner's of which it is the title?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

M. H.

[A haggard is a hawk, particularly a mature wild one. The lines, I know, her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock, occur in Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, III., I.]

ANSWERS

1528.—Two of his friends, Mr. Noah Brooks and Col. Thomas W. Knox, believe the explorer's adoptive name to be Henry Morton Stanley.

1529.—The book your correspondent is looking for is Munsell's 'Every-Day Book of Chronology and History.'

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHICAGO, ILL.

F. H. H.

1531.—An expert in Indian philology writes to us:—' *Ulowana* means, I think, "At the Beaver Lodges." It probably referred to some place near the lake where the beavers had a dam. I cannot make out *Saranac*; it is doubtless an Indian word, but much corrupted. H. H.'

1532.—Landseer's 'Sanctuary' is described in the eight lines beginning, 'See where the startled wild fowl screaming rise.' The lines were

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printed, without quotation marks, beneath the engraving published in London in 1846.

WALDBORO, MAINE.

J. J. B.

1542.—I. 'The Rag Bag: A Collection of Ephemera' was issued in 1855 by Charles Scribner's Sons, who still publish Willis's works. (See page 355 of Prof. Henry A. Beers's 'Nathaniel Parker Willis,' \$1.25, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 3. 'Chevalier' Henry Wikoff's book is the 'Reminiscences of an Idler,' 1880. (See Beers, p. 33.)

1544.—I. The lines beginning, 'I saw a vision in my sleep,' are from Campbell's poem, 'The Last Man.'

A. D. A.

[The same answer comes from F. R. M., Great Barrington, Mass., and W. L. K., Flatbush, L. I.]

1545.—'I've seen the "Aurora" lines before,' writes a well-known poet, 'and wondered where they came from. They are imitated from Virgil, Ovid, etc., but some of the words are common to Latin later than the Augustan age. The lines are good. I hope you'll get an answer to C. W. E.'s question.'

Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Babcock, W. H. *Cypress Beach* Washington: W. H. Babcock.

Childs, G. W. *Recollections of General Grant* Phila.: Privately printed.

Clark, J. W., and Hughes, T. M. *Life and Letters of Adam Sedgwick*. 3 vols.

Cox, C. F. *Protoplasm and Life*. 75c. Macmillan & Co.

Dictionary of National Biography. Ed. by L. Stephen, and S. Lee. Vol. XXIII. 93-75. Macmillan & Co.

Duncan, S. J. *A Social Departure*. \$1.25. 93-75. D. Appleton & Co.

Estelle. *Apples of Eden*. 25c. Minerva Pub. Co.

Ferguson, B. L. *The Mystery of M. Felix*. 50c. John W. Lovell Co.

Gosse, E. *Northern Studies*. 40c. A. Lovell & Co.

Heimburg, W. *Lucie's Mistake*. Tr. by J. W. Davis. Worthington Co.

Howe, F. H. *The New Evadne*. 50c. F. F. Lovell Co.

Jay, John. *Correspondence and Public Papers*. Ed. by H. P. Johnston. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lanza, C. *A Modern Marriage*. 50c. John W. Lovell Co.

Lovett, R. *London Pictures*. London: Religious Tract Soc'y.

Maupassant, G. de. *New Stories*. 50c. Minerva Pub. Co.

Oliver, P. (editor). *Madagascar*; or, Robert Drury's Journal during Fifteen Years' Captivity on that Island. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.

Osborne, Duffield. *The Robe of Nessus*. Belford Co.

Pendleton, J. *Newspaper Reporting*. London: Elliot Stock.

Phillips-Wolley, C. *Snaps*. Longmans, Green & Co.

Seawell, M. E. *Throckmorton*. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.

Toxar. By the author of 'Thoth'. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.

Vincent, F. *In and Out of Central America*. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.

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